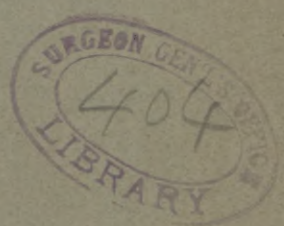


SUMNER (GEO.)

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PHYSICIANS IN HARTFORD

IN 1820 AND 1837



SKETCHES
OF
PHYSICIANS IN HARTFORD

IN 1820 ;

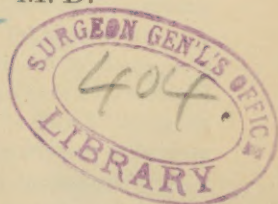
And Reminiscences

By GEORGE SUMNER, M.D.

AND

IN 1837

By GURDON W. RUSSELL, M.D. .



BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE HARTFORD MEDICAL SOCIETY
JANUARY 1, 1848, AND MARCH 5, 1888; PUBLISHED BY
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THESE papers are printed by the desire of several physicians, who think they will be of interest to the profession and the public. They are not to be compared with the more complete biographies which have appeared in Williams's Medical Biography, or in the Proceedings of the Connecticut Medical Society. They are the free and unrestrained sketches read in the private meetings of the Hartford Medical Society.

There is added the Fee Table established in Hartford in 1831; and also some copies of old prescriptions made many years since, which will be found of interest, as showing the medical fees at the time, together with the charges for drugs. I wish to call attention particularly to these, for having been requested to prepare a history of medicine in the Colony and State previous to the establishment of the Connecticut Medical Society in 1792, it will be of much service if anything of like character, or anything which will aid in that matter, be communicated to me. Possibly the day-books or ledgers of some of the physicians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries may yet be in existence. The Centennial celebration of the Society ought to be an event of interest to all.

G. W. R.

HARTFORD, September 15, 1890.



PAPER BY DR. SUMNER.

THE following details of personal history will answer the requirements of the Society. I was born at Pomfret, on the thirteenth day of December, 1794; graduated at Yale College in 1813; pursued the study of medicine two years with Dr. Hubbard, who soon afterwards was elected Professor of Surgery in the Medical School at New Haven; spent two years in the same pursuit at Philadelphia, and in the year 1817 received a medical diploma from the University of Pennsylvania. On the first day of January, 1819, (thirty years this very day,) I removed to this place. I was induced to come by the letter of a friend, who wrote me that the death of Dr. Simons had caused, what he termed, a good opening for a physician at Windsor. Dr. Pierson, however, was on the ground before me, and I concluded at once to take an office in this place, and wait for business.

In the meantime botanical pursuits became my recreation and employment. Some eighteen months afterwards, having in the interim been married to Elizabeth Putnam, of Brooklyn, I removed to the house in Main street, adjoining Dr. Bacon, and there, in good earnest, commenced the practice of medicine. My first patients were in the Sinking Fund, on Dutch Point, the Albany road, and in the vicinity of Imlay's Flour Mill. The same patients—at least those who occupy the same localities—have since bestowed their patronage upon others who have found them useful stepping-stones by which they reached a more elevated position, and gained a more lucrative practice.

I have thus complied with the regulations of the Society; but as a wish has been expressed to hear something respecting those members of our profession who, thirty years ago, were traversing the same streets, and in some instances prescribing for the very patients whom we are called upon to attend, I will, at the risk of being tedious, furnish you with some reminiscences of that period.

At the time referred to there were four places of public worship in the city, though but one of these was designated a church, or admitted within its precincts that instrument of discord in the Scottish church which Burns described a "kist full of whustles." One only, of these four, remains dedicated to the same sacred object for which it was originally built, and its pulpit is occupied by the same worthy pastor. It is now recognized as the Center Church; it was then the North Meeting House.

Near the South Church, in the middle of the street, was an antique-looking building, neither Grecian nor Gothic, having in its interior square pews, and I suspect, sparse worshipers on Sunday. The Rev. Dr. Flint was the pastor; a pleasant companion, and a good scholar, though he lived before the age of temperance societies, and considered a little strong drink necessary for his personal comfort. As an illustration of the manners of the olden time, it is said that Drs. Strong and Flint went to Simsbury to spend a day with Rev. Whitefield Cowles, a brother clergyman who had deserted the pulpit, and was devoting his attention to the farm. He, with his guests, walked through a fine orchard, and over his extensive rye fields, and when they returned to dinner, Dr. Strong slapped him on the shoulders, [saying] "that's right, brother Cowles, you raise the rye, I will distill it, and brother Flint, he will drink it." Perhaps I should mention that Dr. Strong owned a distillery in company with one or two friends, and built the long brick house on the north end of Front street, but the company failed, and the property was lost. It has ever since been known as the "Sinking Fund."

But I have strayed far from the old South meeting-house, which was for many years used as a town hall for freemen's meetings, and for the election of civil officers.

The Baptist meeting-house, of which the Rev. Mr. Cushman was the worthy pastor, maintains its old position, and is occupied by the Washingtonians. The Episcopal church, of which the Rev. Dr. Wainwright was the rector, stood at the corner of Main and Church streets, till the present church was built in its immediate neighborhood, when it was sold to the Roman Catholics, and removed to Talcott street, the spire being taken down and a large cross erected in its place.

The appearance of our good city has materially changed within the last thirty years. On the south side of the State House square there was then but one brick building (now the Waverly House) and half a dozen old wooden buildings, which were all removed through the agency of one public-spirited citizen, Mr. H. L. Ellsworth. One old wooden tenement stood in the place of Union Hall, and another at Catlin's corner. The latter had been for years a tavern of note, where the old inhabitants of the place were accustomed to meet in the evening for the purposes of conviviality and good cheer. This tavern was also removed from its ancient position to Asylum street, and was finally demolished last spring.

On the north side of the Square were several old buildings, or shanties, in which were a barber-shop, a lottery office, two or three groceries, and Ripley's tavern.

A rickety old bridge enabled us to pass over to the south side of the city. From the bridge to the South Green there was but one brick house on the east side of Main street. Buckingham street, Hudson street, Washington street, and College street, were not in existence. About the same time Asylum and Pratt streets were opened; but Chapel, Ann, Pleasant, and Windsor streets, are of more recent date. On Lords Hill there were three or four

respectable mansions, but as there were no sidewalks it was a perilous undertaking to visit them in the spring.

When I came to the city there was a small school for deaf mutes, kept in the south part of what has since become the City Hotel. Alice Cogswell, Mrs. Clerc, and Mrs. Gallaudet, were among the pupils; and of course the school, which had all the charms of novelty, had other charms for those who taught. It was the nucleus of the American Asylum, and became the model of other schools in the country for the education of the deaf and dumb.

It has been my uniform practice to attend the meetings of the county medical society, but they were entirely different from those which we now frequent. At one of the earliest of those meetings (which was at the old Hartford, now called the American, Hotel) there were present Drs. Everest of Canton, Bestor of Simsbury, Cogswell, Todd, Woodward, and Pierson, with half a dozen more. We were long at the dinner-table, drank a moderate amount of wine, and listened to a multitude of stories.

At that meeting Dr. Todd called up the subject of insanity, and related his experience of the difficulty of treating insane patients in private dwellings. He then proposed to instruct the delegates to the State convention to urge upon the profession in the State the propriety of adopting some measure for the establishment of a lunatic hospital, and the proposition was unanimously adopted. At the meeting of the State Medical Society the subject was elaborately discussed and warmly commended, and a committee was chosen to devise a plan for the accomplishment of the proposed object. That committee consisted of Drs. Todd, Miner, Woodward, Tully, and myself. Being the youngest member of the committee, it devolved upon me to act as scribe. Letters were sent to medical men in every town in the State, inquiring respecting the number and condition of insane patients within the range of their personal observation. From sixty towns we received

answers, and the names of more than five hundred and ten persons bereft of reason and many of them in a deplorable condition. The committee met during the summer every fortnight, most commonly at Rocky Hill. We had no other guides than *Pinel on Insanity* and *Tukes' History of the Retreat*, near York, in England. From the latter our own institution derives its name, as the name asylum had been given to the establishment for the deaf and dumb. Those meetings are among my most pleasant recollections. We were engaged in a good cause; our country had no institution established on those broad principles of humanity which at the present time are universally recognized as the basis of all that is successful in the treatment of insanity; and by occasionally writing for the newspapers we had created some general interest in the subject. The medical convention adjourned till October, when they met in this city to receive and act upon our report. The plan which we proposed was adopted; four hundred dollars was appropriated from the treasury of the State society as the commencement of a fund; and as a means of accomplishing the great object in view, two more, Drs. Ives and Knight, were added to the committee, and subscriptions were taken in different parts of the State, which in the course of the winter amounted to seventeen thousand dollars.

It was one part of the plan that the subscribers to the institution should determine its location. The meeting for this purpose was held at Middletown, and I doubt if Hartford was ever before so well represented in our neighboring city; the subscribers decided by a respectable majority in favor of Hartford. It then became necessary to organize the society and select a site for the proposed building. This was a matter of no small difficulty, as several places were named, and each had warm advocates. It was finally determined to refer the selection of a site to those members of the society who did not reside in the

city, and who would be biased by no local considerations. This committee consisted of Bishop Brownell, at that time a resident of New Haven, Dr. Buel of Litchfield, Col. Putnam of Brooklyn, Joshua Stow. of Middletown, and Dr. Woodward of Wethersfield, and to them belongs the credit of having selected the present admirable location.

While the building was in progress, the directors of the society were called together to elect a superintendent, when Dr. Todd was unanimously chosen to fill a station for which no one else was so preëminently qualified. It was not at that time supposed that the chief physician would leave his practice, and it was his first business to nominate an assistant, which office he urged me to accept. My friends advised me to decline the offer, which I did; and at the next meeting of the directors it was proposed that Dr. Todd should receive the salary and perform the duties of both offices, in which proposition he readily acquiesced.

After Dr. Todd's death the committee of the Medical Society proceeded to nominate a successor, and designated me for that honor, without any previous intimation of their intention, which, for cogent reasons, I felt bound to decline.

In giving this sketch of the early history of the Retreat I have spoken more of myself than you will probably consider decorous, and more than I would have done if these communications were not considered a species of autobiography. Before leaving the subject permit me to say that the benignant influence of the institution has not been confined to our city or State. It has been in some measure a model for many others, and those who were formerly connected with it have transferred its principles of kindness and love to other States. Dr. Lee, who was a pupil of Dr. Todd, and resided two or three years at the establishment, became the physician of the Asylum near Boston. Dr. Woodward, who was one of its founders, and of the efficient medical visitors, was in consequence of

this position elected Superintendent of the Massachusetts Insane Hospital at Worcester; and his assistant, a man from Connecticut, was the first physician of a similar establishment in New Hampshire. When Vermont, following in the steps of the other New England States, established an asylum at Brattleboro, they came to the Retreat for a physician, and chose Dr. Rockwell, at that time a faithful assistant of Dr. Todd. When New York, at great expense, erected its magnificent asylum for the insane, Dr. Brigham was transferred from Connecticut to New York, from the Hartford Retreat to the Utica Asylum. In this way the principles upon which our institution was established have been extended, and the success which gladdened the hearts of its early friends has accompanied those principles to many kindred establishments. The College in this city was incorporated a few years afterwards, and, with the other public institutions, has served to benefit and adorn our city. These several charities, including the Orphan Asylum and the Athenæum, with the grounds attached to them, have been procured at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars, money well expended, even if it had come entirely from the pockets of our own citizens.

But my object was more particularly to speak of the medical men who were my early associates and your predecessors.

I should premise, however, that thirty years ago the opinions of the physicians in this place were not in perfect harmony, and that the minds of the public at large were greatly excited on medical subjects. A severe epidemic, typhus fever, had prevailed in this as in other sections of the State, and two distinct theories prevailed respecting its nature and treatment. While the disciples of Cullen and older medical authorities adopted the antiphlogistic practice, the followers of Brown, whose speculations were not yet divested of their novelty, considered the disease to be one of mere debility, and treated it with brandy,

bark, and opium ; it is said, and I have no doubt said truly, that their practice was singularly unfortunate. The physicians on both sides were disposed to discuss the subject with doors open to all, and the public, who have a right to feel interested in everything which relates to public health, took it up with great earnestness, and sometimes with an ardor which disturbed the relations of friendship and peace. Every man felt himself competent to decide whether his neighbors were treated properly or not ; and if the physician pursued a wrong practice, and the case terminated fatally, he was pronounced guilty of homicide. In consequence of these discussions the minds of the faculty became unbalanced and irritable, and its members somewhat estranged from each other. An idea prevailed on the one hand, and the medical men had given it currency, that bleeding was always necessary ; and on the other hand, that bleeding was always wrong. The same judgment was extended to the opposite practice. Some held that in fever, which is debility, it is always necessary to give stimulants, and if the patient died, it was in consequence of his not taking brandy early and in sufficient quantities. Hence, many, alarmed at the fatality of the disease, began to take brandy in large doses as a preventive, and it was confidently affirmed that some died of mere intoxication.

When I first came to this place one of the first questions asked, and it was the most common question, was, "Are you a bleeder, or are you a stimulator?" I claimed the privilege of being both, and was sometimes disposed to quote Dr. Osborn on that subject. I did not, at any rate, feel disposed to join either party ; and I have always rejoiced in that position, though it was painful to separate myself from friends, or see them estranged from each other. By degrees, however, this party strife declined, and at the present day but slight vestige remains of the great contest which formerly disturbed the peace of this quiet city.

Another great change is observable in the walks of

our profession. When young, I was frequently in the habit of spending the morning with Dr. Cogswell. We might traverse the city from breakfast to dinner time, visit a dozen patients, and always, if among what is called the better class, were we invited to drink, and if the invitation was declined, we were urged to try the wine or the brandy on account of their peculiar excellence.

If at the tavern (and Dr. Cogswell had many surgical cases at the public houses) we were sure to find the iron hot, the flip ready, and an invitation to taste. It is no wonder that physicians, exposed to these daily temptations, frequently impaired their health, lost their character, and died of premature old age. The melancholy examples of professional declension which I had witnessed in early life led me to the cautious resolve never to indulge in the use of stimulating drinks while engaged in the practice of medicine.

It was at that time considered unsocial to decline an invitation to drink, but times are altered, opinions changed, and it is now more honorable to decline than to accept the proffered cup. I have, however, always defended the Christian liberty of drinking a glass of wine, and sometimes indulged in the unchristian practice of smoking tobacco, but have never considered the use of either article as a part of my professional duties.

The professional fees in this place have never been large. In 1790, the common charge for a visit was two and sixpence; before the close of the century this charge was raised to fifty cents. In the year 1813 it was seventy-five cents, at which mark it stood thirty-five years, when the charge of one dollar became the rule of our profession. In the meantime the fees for surgical operations, and for visiting patients in the country, continue as they were half a century ago.

At the beginning of the year 1819 there were eight members of our profession in the city, and in the course

of that year Dr. Todd removed from Farmington, and we then numbered ten. Their names were Mason F. Cogswell, Sylvester Wells, Leonard Bacon, Barwick Bruce, Judah Bliss, Dwell Morgan, and John L. Comstock. To most of these I shall make but brief allusion.

DR. MASON FITCH COGSWELL was born at Canterbury, September 17, 1761. His father was the clergyman of his native parish, and his eldest brother a physician, who resided some years at Stamford, and thence removed to New York. Under the guidance of the former our late President was qualified to enter upon his collegiate life. He graduated at Yale College in 1780, and I am informed that he was not only the youngest scholar, but the most distinguished of his class.

Immediately after leaving college he commenced the study of medicine with his brother. At that time a portion of the army of the revolution was stationed at Stamford. Among these soldiers Dr. Cogswell commenced his professional observations; to them his earliest efforts as a surgeon were directed, and he frequently referred to the experience which he there gained as particularly serviceable to him in his subsequent practice.

After the termination of the war of the revolution the elder Dr. Cogswell removed to New York, where he was extensively employed as a physician. In the capacity of pupil and assistant his brother continued with him till the year 1789, when he removed to this place, having been nine years engaged in the study and practice of his profession.

That he was well qualified for its arduous duties, and that he succeeded in gaining the confidence of the public, may be safely inferred from the extent of his business, and the elevated rank which he held among his brethren. From the time of his removal to Hartford, to the day of his death, he enjoyed no interval of leisure and ease,—no relaxation from the labors of his profession,—no exemption from its cares. It has been truly observed that “he was a rare ex-

ample of the amount of fatigue which can be undergone, and of the arduous labor which can be performed by one who is willing to spend and be spent in the discharge of his duty."

Some years after his removal to this place Dr. Cogswell was married to Mary Ledyard, a relation of the far-famed traveler. This connection was to him a source of unmingled and abundant satisfaction. His children, five in number, were the delight of his eye, and the family circle, of which he thus became the head, was one of the most attractive in this community. His daughter Alice was, during her infancy, deprived of the faculties of speech and hearing. The interest which was excited in the mind of her father by the privations of this mute child caused him to look abroad for the best mode of giving her instruction.

It led him also to make inquiries respecting the number of deaf and dumb persons in the State, and the result of those inquiries created surprise throughout our country. It exhibited a greater number of mutes than any one had suspected, and for whose education no provision had been made.

To his inquiries respecting the best mode of educating this interesting class of our population, no satisfactory answer was returned.

The subject had not been thought of. At length he accidentally met with the work of a distinguished French Abbe on this subject, and being convinced that the plan there suggested was the best that could be adopted he appealed to his friends to aid him in the introduction of that system of instruction into this country. The appeal was successful. A gentleman peculiarly well qualified for the undertaking visited France, acquired the needful information, and returned to found that noble monument of individual enterprise, The American Asylum.

Dr. Cogswell was one of the original members of the Connecticut Medical Society, and continued its faithful and

ardent friend till the close of his life. In 1796 he was appointed its treasurer, the duties of which office he discharged four years. In the year 1807 he was elected Vice-President, and on the resignation of Dr. Watrous, in the year 1812, he was chosen its President. The latter office was conferred upon him ten times in succession, an appointment which indicates with what respect he was regarded by his brethren.

The proposition to establish an Asylum for the Insane originated in the Connecticut Medical Society; and though not the original mover, he was one of its earliest advocates, — one of its warmest friends.

When the Hopkins Association was first organized he was chosen to preside over its deliberations. I need not remind those who were members of that association how much cheerfulness and good nature he brought with him to every discussion — with what patience he listened to the opinions of others, and with what urbanity he discharged the duties of a presiding officer.

He continued to be active and assiduous in the performance of his professional engagements till the 12th of December, 1830. He had been for several days troubled with a severe cold, which was suddenly aggravated by exposure, and followed by chills, headache, cough, and bloody expectoration, with other indications of pneumonia. Some relief followed the administration of calomel and an emetic, and on the following day, which was Monday, he appeared somewhat improved, and considered himself essentially better. On Tuesday his symptoms became more alarming, and a second emetic was directed. It required an uncommonly large dose to produce any effect; the distress which it occasioned was considerable, and the alleviation of symptoms which followed was less than we had anticipated. On Wednesday he became drowsy; at times slightly delirious, with great difficulty of respiration, and other indications of increased danger. On that day and the following our efforts

to arrest the progress of the disease were totally ineffectual. He died in the course of the ensuing night.

You might then have learned, in every corner of our city, with what assiduity he had attended to the sick,—with what charity he had administered to the comfort of the poor, and with what success he had labored to elevate the character of the medical profession.

In estimating the character of our distinguished predecessor we should consider its moral and professional bearings. The integrity of Dr. Cogswell was never called in question. Enemies, if he had any, could not sully his honest fame, or diminish the confidence which was reposed in him by this community. His courtesy was often the theme of remark, and the subject of admiration. In all his intercourse with the world, fatigued by its labors, harrassed by its cares, and grieved (as the best will often be) at its ingratitude, I have never known him utter an unkind expression, or one which would occasion any degree of uneasiness in the minds of his friends. His was the genuine politeness of the old school, not studied or practised for the occasion, but emanating from kind and social feelings, and constituting an intrinsic part of his character.

His house, therefore, was the abode of *hospitality*. The friends who resorted there were sure to be cordially received and pleasantly entertained by one who conferred and received an unusual proportion of delight from the society of others.

Dr. Cogswell was remarkable for his cheerfulness. It was his habit, by looking on the bright side of creation, to expect good results even under unpromising circumstances. He bore disappointment without vexation, self-denial without murmuring, and injuries without retaliation. His patience was above all commendation. To this city it would be useless to speak of the trials which attend the walks of a physician engaged in extensive business. They are trials which have abridged the comforts of most of its members and cut short the lives of some who have been greatly distinguished.

The biographer of Dr. Baillie observes that "his mental tranquility was disturbed by the extent of his professional engagements, and that he became at times extremely irritable and unhappy."

Nothing like this occurred to tarnish the joys of Dr. Cogswell. His patience was the enduring monument which rude assaults could not overturn, and which envy could not deface, and which ingratitude itself could not corrode.

His industry was also commendable. For forty years he was extensively involved in the arduous duties of his profession,—the cares and labors of one day served to tell the unvaried history of the week and of the year. Yet, while Dr. Cogswell accomplished more than most other physicians in this section of the country, he always appeared at leisure for conversation, had always at his disposal a few minutes for his friends, and by his demeanor left an impression of leisure to which he was probably a stranger.

His charity was peculiarly extensive. To the poor he was uniformly kind and attentive, always ready to administer to their wants and, as far as able, to alleviate their sufferings. He rarely, if ever, neglected a poor patient for the sake of visiting the rich. The maxim of Boerhaave was exemplified by the every-day course of his life; and in his daily walks he appeared to think the poor his best patients. They were certainly the most grateful for his attentions, the most ardent in their attachments, the most sincere in their veneration, and their fees are the only ones the payment of which can be transferred to another world.

Dr. Cogswell, in addition to his daily services to the poor, possessed a remarkable share of that scriptural charity which "vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up, but which suffereth long, and is kind."

I have dwelt more minutely upon the moral qualities of our friend than some brethren would think needful, because those qualities seem to have exerted a most important influence upon his professional career. His agreeable

manners and sterling integrity made him a companion and friend whose society was extensively courted; his disposition to gratify others facilitated their appeals to him for aid; his integrity was entitled to a full share of their confidence; his industry enabled him to accomplish an unusual share of professional labor, and his charity made him the willing and the thrice welcome visitor of the poor.

Dr. Cogswell's early education was excellent, and through life he retained his fondness for intellectual pursuits. He was at one time associated with Hopkins and Trumbull, Alsop and Dwight, whose publications excited much interest at that period, and exhibited a happy combination of talents, mirthfulness, and wit. He was occasionally himself a writer of poetry, and while at Stamford gave instruction in sacred music. It was his habit to commence and terminate each day with reading either a portion of Scripture or some recent medical publication.

Of Dr. Cogswell's professional character I can only speak with diffidence, believing that the members of this association would estimate more correctly and delineate with greater accuracy the prominent traits by which it was most distinguished.

His opportunities of acquiring medical knowledge were greater than generally possessed by others who were entering the same career as himself. On his removal to Hartford, he at once entered the field of labor. It was to him the field of harvest, which required him to toil by night and by day.

As a surgeon he immediately reached the most elevated rank. All the great operations were performed by him, and among others, that of tying the carotid artery at a time when it had been attempted by no other surgeon in America. His operations were performed with inimitable dexterity, with a coolness which nothing could disturb, and consequently with a success equal to his reputation.

As an operative surgeon, I doubt if New England has

furnished his equal, and it must be confessed that his claim to distinction rested chiefly upon that pre-eminence.

For the duties of an accoucheur he was admirably qualified; his coolness, patience, integrity, and urbanity,—in short, the qualities of his head and his heart, fitted him for excellence in that department. It furnished a great share of his business for many years, and his loss was most severely felt by those who had been accustomed to rely on him for its performance.

The *extent* of Dr. Cogswell's business was in some degree unfavorable to his reputation as a physician. It furnished him with but short space for reflection upon any one case, and prevented his reaping an experience commensurate with the extent of his practice. His early education was also in some degree unfavorable to the formation of a habit of independent thought.

The words of his father were law, and the *ipse dixit* of his brother was philosophy, which he probably never called in question. I suspect that an undue reliance upon the opinions of others, which constituted a defect in his medical character, may in some degree be traced to the influence of early education; and yet, before speaking of his defects, I ought to enumerate his merits as a physician.

He was remarkable for his candor. In times of party excitement, when the passions of those around him were disturbed, Dr. Cogswell's exertions were directed to the preservation of peace. At such times he seems to have been aware that one excess often leads to another, and to have adopted as the maxim of his life that rule which emanated from the god of physic (and it is worthy of its high origin), "*In medio tutissimus ibis.*"

He was at all times ready to adopt the suggestions of his brethren, whether they came in the shape of new remedies, or in the modification of those already in use.

This was true also with regard to the operations of surgery; and in some instances the improvements of foreign

surgeons were put in practice by him before others were aware of their existence.

No man whom I have ever known was more free from egotism. He preferred no claim to the deference of others in consequence of the great experience on which his opinions were founded, but listened to the suggestions of those who were his juniors in years and inferior in every sense, and so far as they appeared to him reasonable, he was always ready to adopt them.

His kindness to the junior members of his profession constitute a prominent trait of his character. On this subject I may speak from long-continued experience, for to him I was indebted for an introduction to the chambers of the sick at a time when I should otherwise have been idle. His friendship was remarkably constant; so long as his juniors manifested a disposition to follow an honorable course of conduct, they were sure to be treated with courtesy and with kindness. Indeed, courtesy to his brethren constituted an important feature of his character, which enabled him at all times to exert a most salutary influence upon his profession. If his equanimity was ever disturbed, if his indignation was ever aroused, it was when he saw the medical character debased by the intrigue, meanness, and ungentlemanly conduct of its members.

SYLVESTER WELLS, M.D., Jeffersonian in politics, and in the practice of medicine a follower of the dogmas of Brown, came to this place from Berlin, about the year 1806. He was a man of brilliant talents, keen wit, and extensive influence; greatly beloved by his friends, while those who dissented from his opinions looked upon him as a dangerous man—dangerous in the street on account of his extreme political notions,—dangerous in the sick-chamber in consequence of his bold speculations and erroneous practice.

He came to this city under the patronage of Messrs. Tisdale, Patten, the Dodds, and a few other friends, who formed the aristocratic wing of the democratic party, and he

co-operated with them in their efforts to revolutionize the State. He was a member of the convention which framed our present constitution, and abrogated the old platform of liberty, the charter of King Charles.

His religious views were declared by his secession from the South parish, and, in connection with others of kindred faith, building the Universalist church, of which he was a prominent member. It should be borne in mind, however, that at its first establishment that parish was composed of very discordant materials, and that a belief in any one doctrine of the Gospel was by no means implied by becoming one of its associates.

Dr. Wells, though an ardent politician, had no desire for official distinction. While in a minority he was a candidate for Congress, but as soon as his party gained the ascendancy in this State, and he was sure to be elected, he at once declined the honor which was urged upon him by his numerous friends.

While the Hartford Convention was in session he caused the bells to be tolled, and employed an old soldier to march with muffled drum through the streets. This brought upon him some angry remarks, and some poetical squibs, to which he appeared as indifferent as if they had been applied to an entire stranger.

I have no access to the papers of that day, but remember, imperfectly, —

“Toll the bells—toll the bells for Dr. Wells.

It's nothing strange for Dr. Wells to cause the tolling of the bells.”

When the spotted fever prevailed in this vicinity he pursued the stimulating practice with great vigor, but not always with great success. Two or three daughters of Mr. Patten died after a very short illness, and four members of another family followed each other to the grave in rapid succession. With him it must have been a season of severe trial; his friends dropping around him, his rivals watching the results of his practice, and his opponents condemning it

in no measured terms, it required the courage of a good soldier to maintain the unequal conflict. As a specimen of the annoyances to which he was exposed I may mention the case of Bondino, an old French refugee, who came here from St. Domingo, to spend his life and his money, and had no other business than to retail the gossip of the town. Coming into the barber shop one morning, when it was full of customers, his first salutation was, "They say Dr. Wells has raised hell with the Dodds."

In the same place, a few days later, the Doctor and the Frenchman met: "Dr. Wells," inquired the latter with great apparent simplicity, "what is the reason so many Democrats die of this disease? the Federalists do not appear to have it." "I suppose," said the Doctor, "it is a disease of the brain, and that Federalists have not got any brains." The Frenchman was entirely satisfied; and perhaps the Doctor was equally so.

At the head of Wells avenue lived the widow of John Dodd the younger, and for the loss of her former husband Dr. Wells made all reparation in his power by marrying the widow, and helping her spend her handsome property. The Doctor continued to practice medicine till his mental faculties were seriously impaired. He would frequently visit a patient every morning, write a prescription and give his directions, till at the end of a week it was discovered that seven consecutive visits had led to the purchase of seven boxes of the identical quinine pills. It is well for young physicians to wait patiently for practice. It is equally important for old ones to retire before it is too late.

DR. LEONARD BACON was a native of Stoughton, in Worcester county, Mass., where he received a common school education, and pursued his professional studies. Having qualified himself to commence the practice of medicine, he purchased a horse, replenished his saddle-bags, and started in search of a new home, carrying with him his wardrobe, his library, and his *materia medica*. He arrived in the

evening at Eastford, in this State, where he proposed to spend the night; but finding himself several miles distant from any other physician he concluded to take his stand as a candidate for medical practice.

Here he remained a few months, earned a few hundred dollars, and rather suddenly decided to leave his patrons and place for another sphere of action. He collected his dues, bade farewell to his friends, and removed some ten or twelve miles west, to the town of Mansfield. At the latter place he was cordially received by some, and by others earnestly advised to go on.

He called upon one neighbor whom he found very much attached to Dr. Adams; "for," said he, "I have lost three children under his care, and could never think of employing any one else." The fact should have been instructive to him and to us.

If we are vigilant and attentive to the sick, if we manifest a reasonable anxiety for their recovery, our efforts will be duly appreciated, whether the disease terminate fatally or otherwise.

From Mansfield Dr. Bacon came to this place in 1804, having saved a few thousand dollars, and acquired some considerable experience. Here, his practice was more extensive; but as it was chiefly among patients who were accustomed to pay for medical services, and as the Doctor was a rigid economist, he every year added something to his small property.

He frequently told me that for several years he never charged over a thousand dollars, but that he was able, annually, to lay by five hundred of that sum. At the time of his death his income from real estate was more than twelve hundred dollars.

Doctor Bacon's professional views were strongly in favor of the antiphlogistic practice. It always seemed to give him pleasure to use even a dull lancet; his favorite remedies were calomel and antimony, and the strong assurance

with which he prescribed them inspired his patients with confidence in their success. The Doctor was a thorough Puritan, whose principles were not attenuated by the fashions of the day, and whose prejudices were never softened by his intercourse with others. He was greatly distressed when, for the improvement of sacred music, it was proposed to purchase an organ for the Center Church, and opposed the measure with uncommon energy. But the Doctor was behind the age. The organ was bought, and its solemn notes have been heard to sound a requiem over the bier of both friend and foe.

In his politics the Doctor was an unwavering Federalist, always ready to defend his opinions, never to change them. He was the steadfast friend of good order and good morals, and never hesitated to unite with those who were laboring for the public good, and especially with those whose great aim it was to correct the faults of their neighbors. He was a zealous anti-mason, and pursued the fraternity with as much zeal as if every member of the lodge had been implicated in the murder of Morgan. When anti-masonry grew cold he embarked in the temperance cause,—denounced the use of wine and strong drink, and considered the makers, the venders, and the purchasers, as all guilty of the grossest immorality.

In the cause of anti-slavery he was equally ardent; and in his last years he probably reckoned the owner of slaves to be worse than a Free Mason,—worse even than a drunkard. He was always ready to enter into an argument in defense of his own opinions and principles, and sometimes he appeared to delight in controversy for its own sake. Hence, for recreation, he commonly resorted to the courthouse, where he was allowed a seat with the lawyers, and listened with marked attention to the testimony offered in each case,—to the arguments of counsel, and the opinions of the judge. It seemed a pity that he had not been bred a lawyer.

In his latter years the Doctor aimed to treat his brethren with kindness; but earlier in life he was not distinguished for courtesy. He was somewhat boastful of his cures, especially if his patients recovered under the use of his favorite remedies; nor did he always wait until the ultimate result was known. One story was told me by a physician who was present on the occasion, and vouched for its accuracy:

At a meeting of the Medical Society, while spotted fever was the great subject of interest, and the comparative merits of different modes of treating it was the subject of discussion, Dr. Bacon advocated with confidence the practice which he uniformly had pursued, and by way of exemplification referred to a patient in West Hartford, whom he had visited two days before, presenting a severe case of spotted fever. He used the lancet, and prescribed calomel; the next day his patient was better, but the same remedies were repeated with beneficial results, "and this afternoon," said the Doctor, "I expect to find him out of all danger." Soon afterwards a rap at the door announced a messenger, who came to say that Dr. Bacon need not go to West Hartford, as his patient was dead. If the Doctor was disconcerted, his opinions were not changed by the unfortunate case to which he had referred; he was just as earnest in defending his own views,—just as confident in the success of his practice.

The Doctor was always considered by his friends, and I think justly, a strong-minded, sharp-witted man; but his intellectual powers were not highly cultivated, nor was his wit entirely free from coarseness. He was fond of a joke. He met the Rev. Dr. Strong one morning at the market, and for the sake of sport gravely inquired why people called a baked hog's head the minister's face. "For the same reason," replied the minister, "that they call the other end Bacon." The laugh of the bystanders, it is said, was not in our Doctor's favor. [He died in 1839, aged 73 years.]

DR. ELI TODD was born at New Haven, July 22, 1769, and graduated at Yale College in 1787. At the age of twenty-one years he began the practice of medicine in Farmington, and at the age of fifty removed to this city. Having been thirty years the distinguished physician of a neighboring village, — having been frequently called in consultation to the very theatre of his future labors, he entered at once upon an extensive practice. I have elsewhere mentioned that he was the first to call the attention of his profession to the great need there was of an asylum in this State for the insane. I well remember his eloquent and earnest arguments on this subject, and his happy faculty of arousing in the minds of others the same interest which he felt, even when he could not communicate any portion of his own enthusiasm.

He went before the Medical Society of the State to plead for those who were bereft of reason; he proposed a plan for their relief; he showed from the experience of others that the plan was practicable, and proved from his own experience that it was permanently needful; and there was a unanimous vote from the Society to adopt the plan which he had suggested; and he, the chairman of the committee to whom the subject was intrusted, was always active, earnest, and eloquent in its behalf. Success attended these endeavors; the Retreat was built, when, as if by public acclamation, its affairs were entrusted to Dr. Todd.

In that station he acquired more extensive celebrity, his means of usefulness were enlarged, and his efforts to cure or relieve the insane were crowned with remarkable success. After having discharged the duties of Superintendent of the Retreat ten years his health began to decline, and in November, 1833, at the age of sixty-four years, his earthly labors of beneficence and charity were terminated. His disease was dropsy of the pericardium.

Dr. Todd was a gentleman whose intercourse with other physicians was always to them a source of pleasure.

He was both patient and thorough in the investigation of disease, and unwearied in his endeavors to relieve the sick. His first visit to a patient was generally protracted, his inquiries were minute, and his study to ascertain the seat and character of the disease which he was to prescribe for, was never relinquished till his own mind was entirely satisfied. He always maintained that erroneous pathological views were altogether preferable to no views at all, for in one case there was consistent error, in the other error without consistency. He of course disapproved of and opposed the practice of prescribing for particular symptoms without attention to that condition of the system on which those symptoms essentially depended. His professional views accorded with the doctrines of Brown, but he was no blind follower, and by his habits of close investigation he would frequently discover good reasons for not following the practice of such a master.

The following extract, derived from Dr. Woodward, presents an accurate sketch of the character of his distinguished friend :

“His personal appearance was dignified and commanding, at the same time exhibiting condescension and urbanity. His form was symmetrical, and his activity and strength proverbial. He had a good constitution, was capable of great endurance, with an appearance of health, vigor, and stamina that indicates a long and happy life. His manners were easy and agreeable; he was at home in the most refined society, and with the most learned and polished men; he was also gentle, affectionate, and civil to the younger, the timid, and the humble. His countenance was strongly marked, expressive of vigorous intellect, and beaming with benevolence and kindness. Dr. Spurzheim remarked, after looking at his head, that ‘he had a bushel of benevolence.’ His conduct was always marked by the strictest and most scrupulous delicacy. He had an unusual flow of spirits, facetiousness, and raciness of conversation, uncom-

mon colloquial powers, which charmed and instructed the listener beyond any other man I have ever met. At the same time he was modest and unassuming,—never spoke of himself when he could avoid it, but always spoke well of others when he was able to do it.”

DR. BRUCE came to this place from the West Indies, having spent a few years at Wethersfield. He was a gentleman in his intercourse with other members of his profession,—beloved by most, and respected by all. In his practice he was cautious, always preferring the mildest remedies, and never disposed to combat disease with the club of Hercules. With a few families he was a particular favorite, but his practice was not sufficient to yield him more than a bare support, and in his last years his income was sadly deficient. He died about twelve years since, but I have not the means of detailing the extent of his early education, or his age at the time of his death.*

DR. BLISS came to this place from Tolland, where he had been for several years engaged in the practice of his profession. He lost the respect of his brethren by the measures he adopted to obtain business, and the support of his employers by the vigorous measures he took to collect his fees. After remaining eight or ten years, and accumulating a small property, he left this place for Buffalo, where he died some two or three years since.

It is worthy of remark that the physicians whom I have named commenced the practice of medicine in different places. Dr. Cogswell removed here after eight or ten years' practice with his brother. Dr. Wells was for several years at Berlin, Dr. Bacon at Mansfield, Dr. Bruce in the West Indies, Dr. Bliss at Tolland, and Dr. Todd at Farmington. The only other medical men in this place thirty years ago were Dr. Morgan, who was extensively employed as a bone-setter, and sometimes in other branches of surgery; and Dr. Comstock, who had been for some time an

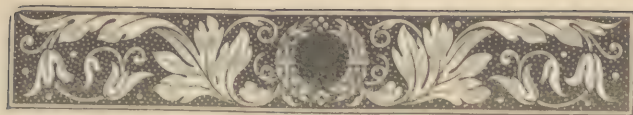
* Eighty-four years.

assistant-surgeon in the army. The latter pursued the practice of medicine a few years, when he relinquished it for the more agreeable and more profitable duties of editor and author. His friends rejoice to know that in his new vocation he has acquired honor for himself and a competence for his interesting family.

In thirty years the changes which occur in our profession almost destroy its identity. My own course is almost run, and it may not be considered improper for me to remind those of you who are hopeful and young that the next thirty years will bring in their course changes which you scarcely expect, but for which, I trust, you will be, one and all, prepared.

HARTFORD, January 1, 1848.





PAPER BY DR. RUSSELL.

ALTHOUGH it cannot be expected that I should give, in the following sketches and reminiscences, so graphic and interesting a story of the medical men living in Hartford in 1837, as Dr. Sumner has done for some of the previous years, yet, as an imperfect history, it may be of some value as a record of men who have lived here before most of you. It is doubtless a record of like ambitions, trials, and successes: a similar round in visiting the sick, through streets more numerous, and to a population much increased. Hartford numbered in 1837, I suppose, as many as eleven thousand people. Most of these had been born here, or had moved into the city since 1820,—the time of which Dr. Sumner wrote. Their character, too, was somewhat different, for a change had come over society; business was increasing, and in different forms; there was more enterprise, public spirit, and an increase in the number of buildings. The churches now were eleven. The railroad from New Haven to Hartford had been commenced, and completed as far as Meriden. If Hartford had lost some of its commerce, it had gained in other forms of business.

He who writes a sketch of the physicians living here thirty years hence will doubtless find as great or greater changes in the town than any we have attempted to describe. Perhaps they may be "so great in the profession as almost to destroy its identity." But however great, let the historian be truthful, but charitable,—seeing rather the good points in the characters which he describes, than those faults or weaknesses which belong to the most of us, and which will occasionally show themselves, however much we

may strive to prevent it. As one reviews the long record of his years of labor he realizes the little importance of many things which at times have disturbed him, and comes to learn that men, upon the whole, are better than he has sometimes credited them. And so, with more charity for them, and the differences which at one time seemed great, he looks back upon the past with a kinder feeling, which blends his reflections with a roseate hue. If he has done his duty faithfully and honestly he may rest with a quiet conscience, neither disturbed by cruel reflections, nor vain wishes for actions which he might wish were changed. When one has done all in his power, it is all that can be expected or required of him. Even if he has been given but one talent, it will be well for him if he has not kept it tied up in a napkin.

When I entered the profession, in 1837, there were in the city of Hartford eighteen members belonging to the State Medical Society, and these, I think, comprised all of the regular profession. All are now dead. Of the sixty-four county members there is but one remaining, Dr. George W. Sanford, of Tariffville, well advanced in years, the man longest in continued practice in the county. He is deserving of our respect, and of our sympathy in his afflictions.

Hartford had lost, a few years before this time, two of its oldest and most esteemed physicians, *Mason F. Cogswell* and *Eli Todd*. The former had graduated from Yale College in 1780, had studied medicine with his brother, and was for a time an assistant-surgeon in the army of the revolution. He came to this city in 1789, and soon established himself in a large practice. Mild and gentlemanly in his manners, and skillful, especially as a surgeon, and in obstetrics, he gained, and for a long time held, a place in the affections of the people rarely equaled by any one who has succeeded him. I have heard it said that in his latter days he would sometimes complain that his friends had deserted him for another, and wondered that they did not continue to employ

him as before. If this was so he did not wisely recognize the mental and physical changes which come upon us with advanced age, and did not comprehend the fact that very few men can hold the highest place or command the support of all to the end of a long, useful life. My only recollection of him is that of a tall and thin man, at the head of Village street, walking south, the skirts of his surtout flying in the strong wind. Happy is he who is able to grow old gracefully. Troubled with neither want nor infirmities, his ambition satisfied, and his desires gratified, he should look complacently upon the future, not jealous of those succeeding him, but wishing them that success which should always follow honest labor. The biography of Dr. Cogswell has been written, and so has that of Dr. Todd, who survived him about three years.

DR. TODD was a remarkable man; carefully instructed in his youth, he graduated from Yale College in 1787, "distinguished for his literary and scientific attainments." He practiced his profession in Farmington for about thirty years, and then removed to Hartford, where he remained until his death. To no one more than to Dr. Todd are we indebted for the Retreat for the Insane. Here he increased his reputation as a most skillful, patient, and sympathetic physician. I have heard old people speak of him in terms of the greatest love and respect. I only remember him when he once came to my father's house in consultation with Dr. Sumner. He was of about medium height, of rather a full figure, dressed in a blue skirted coat, buttoned tightly around him. His eyes were bright and piercing, and his countenance lighted with a very pleasant expression. His whole manner was cheerful and sympathetic. No wonder his friends loved him. He certainly was an able and learned practitioner.

Let me run over briefly the eighteen physicians who were, in 1837, on the list of members of the county society. First, was DR. SILAS FULLER, who, though he had been in

the city but a few years, was placed at the head of the published list, partly, perhaps, because he had been president of the State Society, but probably because he was the intimate friend of Dr. Welch, the secretary of the county Society. He had resided many years in Columbia, before coming to Hartford, and had gained a high reputation in the eastern part of the State as a surgeon, and was at the battle of Lundy's Lane, with General Scott. I remember of his speaking of one occasion, when he had raised an embankment for the protection of the wounded which was not of the required thickness to withstand an eighteen pound shot; but it did, and he seemed to triumph over the engineers. At this battle, the most hotly contested of the war, some of the best of the British forces, fresh from victorious fields in Europe, were engaged, and the Americans bravely held their own. He was among the last to leave the field. He had, in his modest country home, taken care of a few insane patients, and his attention to this subject led to his election to the Retreat for the Insane after the death of Dr. Todd. The salary then paid him was only one thousand dollars a year, and so he was allowed to engage in practice in the town and vicinity as a consulting physician. Not unfrequently, however, he took the whole charge of cases, and this necessarily kept him away from his special duties more than was desirable. By degrees he became involved in trouble with the steward, who was jealous of his rights, and who had the sympathy of the managers. The steward was, in those days, a "bigger man" than the superintendent. Even Dr. Todd is said to have been seriously troubled in the same manner, and found himself hampered, and regarded more as a subordinate than was well for the discipline or faithful administration of the institution. Remember, it was almost in the beginning of the establishments for the relief of the insane, and with these, and with other operations in our lives, all is not known at the first. It may be said of almost all great discoveries that there has

been a progressive knowledge acquired by time and experiment. This doubtless occurs with many of our theories in medicine, and with our therapeutic agents also.

Dr. Fuller was large and portly. When well dressed he presented a very pleasant and commanding appearance. He had an excellent presence, an honest face, and a very pleasing, impressive manner. While not abundant in words, he could talk with sufficient fluency, and we realized at once that he knew what he was talking about. He was a great reader, yet not a great student; his natural good sense led him to understand an author, to pick out what was good, to reject what was of no consequence, and to infer what the writer would have said had he been more minute. I think the principles of our art were firmly established in his mind. He had, what the most learned teachers or the most minute of pathologists have not always, common sense; the essentials of a subject were the important things. I suppose it might be said of him that he was an omnivorous reader, but his taste generally lay in the line of instructive reading. History, the old English classics, poetry of established authors,—these were his favorites; though fiction was not forgotten. I think he knew more about history, especially ancient history, than most of the men of our day. Milton, Pope, and Dryden, were common enough in most libraries; so were Josephus and Rollin, the Spectator, Guardian, and Rambler. Of medical books he had a few; having a correct idea of the principles of his art he was not disposed to be voluminous. When in Columbia he was often called to neighboring towns; if he found in the house an interesting book it was frequently finished before he returned to his home.

While he was gracious, and pleased with attention, he was sometimes provoked, and would express himself with an astonishing positiveness. He was kind to young men, and liked their company,—not talking *at* them, but *for* and with them,—and was very willing to give the results of his observation and experience. As his memory was good, he

could refer to cases occurring many years before, and so the example corroborated the statement.

With all his pleasant and really good qualities he had not learned the benefits of system ; and so his whole life, as far as I know, ran along in an easy, slipshod manner, neither troubled with anxieties without a cause, nor by dangers which were never realized. Such a life in a public institution could only bring about a dissatisfaction ; and after a quarrel of some short duration he left the Retreat abruptly and moved into the city. The first house he occupied was in Kinsley street, on the north side, just west of Newton's gun shop. Here he remained but a short time, removing the next year to the north side of State street, a few doors east of the Farmers & Mechanics Bank. Here he lived until he died, October 22, 1847 ; he was buried in Columbia. His practice was extensive, and would have been remunerating if he had punctually collected his fees ; but his easy good nature ever followed him, and if the present was provided for he seemed to be content. He was confined to his house for some months before his death, but was usually found reading whenever some of us visited him.

Of SYLVESTER WELLS I know but little, and that little is confined to a remembrance of a figure clad in an old calico dressing-gown, standing at his gate at the head of Wells Lane, now Linden Place. This was when I went to the Grammar school, in 1828-9. He was then out of practice, and confined to his home. As he stood at his gate, a tall, gaunt figure, without hat, and with gray, bushy hair, he seemed to us boys as if there was something wrong about him. In after years I heard that his mind failed sometime before he died. If I have any remembrance of his speaking, it was only complaining that the boys had taken his fruit, just as if the boys of that day would do such a thing.

Another old man, almost or quite retired from practice in 1837, was DWELL MORGAN. He enjoyed considerable

reputation as a surgeon, and more especially as a bone-setter. He lived in a wooden house on the south side of Pearl street, where Ripley Brothers' store now is; it was a plain, two-storied building, standing at an elevation above the street. There was a door in front, and one at the north-east corner opening into his office. He was not considered a very tender-hearted man, in which reputation he shared alike with every surgeon who gives any pain, whether designedly or not. He was a lively little body, active in his profession, and conscious that he understood it; and I think the community thought he did understand it. He did not possess the refinement, the nice delicacy of touch and gentleness of mind of Dr. Cogswell, and so had a different class of patients. Without absolutely knowing it, I think he must have been an authority with those who believed that heroic surgery consisted in dragging the patient around the room before the tooth was successfully extracted. Some years after he died I happened to be at an auction-room where some of his instruments were offered for sale, and purchased a few of them. Well, they were not all of them such as would be used now; but the operative surgery of that day was better than we give the old men credit for. When I was a student he once told me that he had never seen but one case of "lockjaw"—that is, tetanus—(and traumatic tetanus, I suppose, for the case in hand was of that character) cured. This happened in West Hartford, and the curative agent was opium. Some men *boast* of doing better now-a-days; perhaps they do.

GEORGE SUMNER came to Hartford from the eastern part of the State in 1819. He made his way slowly, though befriended by Dr. Cogswell; but he made his way surely. So well has his biography been written by Dr. Hunt that I shall not say as much about him as otherwise I should. He graduated from Yale College at the age of nineteen years, and after due course of study, received his diploma from the University of Pennsylvania. He was eminently an intellect-

ual man, well educated, fond of reading, hospitable, kind-hearted, pleasant in manner and conversation, and very careful never to give offense. It might be said of him that he agreed with every one. He was the neatest, the most ready, and best prescriber that I ever knew. His knowledge of chemistry and *materia medica* was extensive and thorough; his ideas of the value of therapeutic agents, what they would do, and what they would not do, were very exact, so that he could apply to a large class of remedies with hope of success, or of such success as was possible. His directions were given with clearness, and with as much brevity as was consistent, and without useless repetition. His manner of entering the sick-room was very agreeable, inspired confidence, and made all his friends. So little had he of self-assertion that he was not often known to disagree with any one, preferring to be silent, or to carefully turn the conversation in another direction. And this was not because he had no opinions, or was fearful of acknowledging them, but from a gentleness of nature which led him into paths of peace. Dr. Brigham used to say of him that he never knew him to give a positive answer when inquired of as to the probable result of a case, but he was always hopeful and full of encouragement. He was the physician in the family of my father long before I entertained any thought of entering the profession, and so I saw him frequently,—was sent for him often, and often a second time, for he was slow in responding, unless (as my mother was accustomed to say) the illness was very severe, and then he could be depended upon. He often left a few papers of calomel, of a few grains each, upon his first visit, so that we generally knew that at that time I was not to be sent to the druggist. He carried his lancet also, and occasionally used it, though. Dr. Brigham said, “not often, for he was not a good bleeder.” If the disease was not severe—as generally it was not—he would be very quiet and restful, indulging moderately in conversation, taking up a book or newspaper,

much to the dissatisfaction of my mother, who thought he was not giving sufficient attention to the case; and so, before his expected visitation, I was not unfrequently directed to remove all newspapers from out of his reach.

I think in his student life, or in his early years of practice, he had some ambition to become a surgeon, being, in that respect, like most other young medical men. But it was as a physician that he came soon to be regarded as one of the most patient and capable in the city. His business was large, among the best families, who were able and willing to pay him well. He spent his money liberally, was a kind husband, a loving and indulgent father, and a good citizen; his efforts were in favor of good objects. He was among the early advocates and supporters of the Retreat, was active in the Medical Society, interested in his religious society, and was altogether more of a stirring man than one would suppose who had been acquainted with him only in the later years of his life.

Altogether, he was probably the ablest physician we have had in the town since the days of Dr. Todd. His diagnosis was very accurate, his perceptions very acute, his observations very extensive; in acute or chronic disease his knowledge of therapeutic agents was great, and his application very happy.

In his earlier years he lived in State street, perhaps a little east of Smith, Northam & Co. Once I heard him say that he lived next to Dr. Bacon, where the old Melodeon building now stands, and he thought it was a good place for a young man like him, for he caught many a patient who sent for Dr. Bacon, while the Doctor was at his farm on the Hill. I knew of his living in the house just north of the present Gas Company's office, and also for a few years on the opposite side of Main street. From this place he removed to the house on the south corner of Asylum and Trumbull streets, which he built, and where he died. He did not leave a very large estate behind him, but he

left a most honorable name and a most enviable reputation. He was a link between the old practitioners who were still in practice or had prudently retired, and a younger class, quite as pushing, and who in time might come to be considered as fairly successful. From him I confess to having learned something of the literally "old school" physicians.

Few men have ever been more diligent in business than Dr. Sumner. To it he gave, literally, his life. It may not be strictly true that he never took any relaxation; but once, speaking about it, a friend said, "Well, Sumner went to Boston yesterday, but he returned in the evening." He found his enjoyment in his home, his profession, and among his friends; such continuous assiduity in business could have but one result. A few years before he died, he made a short trip to Europe, which he greatly enjoyed. Mr. J. S. M., who was his companion, said of him, "that he was constantly running about from one old church to another, until it was dark, and always finished his cigar however late it might be." He had become so familiar with the antiquities of England, that perhaps it might have been said of him, as it was said of John Randolph, "that he knew more about London than a Londoner himself."

JOHN L. COMSTOCK, for several years before this time, had not been in practice, but had given himself to literary labors, in writing school-books upon chemistry, natural philosophy, and natural history. He was, I think, a young surgeon in the war of 1812, and I have been told had charge of recruits in this city. The barracks were a short distance above the ice-houses on the meadow road, and were in a dilapidated condition when, a boy, I frequently passed into the meadows. Some disease was very fatal among the soldiers, I have been told; probably it was typhoid pneumonia, or dysentery, as these were severe in the northern armies at that time, and it was reported, as has been reported often enough about other soldiers, "that they died off like rotten sheep." He was a pleasing, very talkative man, recollected

doubtless, by some of you, and better fitted for an author than a physician. I only remember his residence as just north of the Tunnel, on the west side of the road to Windsor, formerly occupied by Eliphalet Terry; and the last which he occupied, on Farmington avenue, now in the possession of one of our members. His chemistry, which I early read, was wonderful to me; to repeat some of the simple experiments was a source of great pleasure.

MILO L. NORTH came to this city about 1829, having been in practice some years previously. He was a tall, thin man, very sanctimonious in appearance, — perhaps a little cranky — but a good physician, as far as I have heard. He attended the North Congregational Church, and was supposed to be a favorite in that body. He built and resided in the house on the north side of Pratt street, afterwards occupied by Dr. Hawley. He removed to Saratoga Springs about 1839, and was much interested in the therapeutic value of those waters; he remained there, in the practice of his profession, until his death.

WILLIAM H. MORGAN was the son of Dr. Dwell Morgan, and resided with his father. I know very little about him, but he had the reputation of not being the equal of his father.

HENRY HOLMES, a native of Litchfield, came to this city in 1833, from Durham, where he had been in practice for a few years. He did not commence the study of medicine in early life, having spent some years as a clerk in Hartford, and afterwards was for a period engaged in surveying in Ohio. Speaking of the bitterness of political opinion which prevailed in the Federal party here in Hartford during the last war with Great Britain, he mentioned the fact that his employer, William Watson, rejoiced when Washington was taken by the enemy. This excited his patriotism and aroused his indignation. When in Durham he followed his profession with enthusiasm, and with much satisfaction to the public. If he did not pursue it with as much per-

sistency as some others after he came to the city, it was because his attention was diverted by other objects, and there was not a seeming pecuniary necessity.

For many years, in the latter part of his life, he was the physician of the town and chairman of the Board of Health. In these he gave great satisfaction, and showed that he possessed good business qualifications. He was a gentleman of great nobility of character, courteous almost to the point of painfulness, tender, and sympathetic. An appeal for aid found him ready to respond, too ready, sometimes, in all probability, for such generous natures as his are not given to close investigation. He was fond of reading, and with a large fund of information, was a very agreeable companion. Always well and neatly dressed, his appearance was dignified and striking, his intercourse with his friends was pleasant and deferential, and with his patients was tender and unselfish. He died July 31, 1870, and was buried in Litchfield.

A more lengthy sketch of his life and character, which was published in the Proceedings of the Connecticut Medical Society for 1871, forbids my saying more of him here.

AMARIAH BRIGHAM came to this city from Greenfield, in 1831, and while he resided here occupied a high position as a surgeon and physician. When I entered his office he lived a few doors south of Fenn's cabinet warehouse, on Main street. Before this, his office had been in the old Hudson & Goodwin building, on the ground now owned by the Charter Oak Life Insurance Company. His ten years of practice in Massachusetts, and more than a year of extensive travel and observation in Europe, had fitted him to occupy a high position wherever he might locate. He came here with an enviable reputation as an intelligent, studious man, of excellent character, and well informed in his profession. Of all the medical men who have lived in this place it is doubtful if it can be said of any of them, that so numerous and respectable a body of people ever asked one of

them to locate here, as was done for him. The city needed specially a surgeon, and sought it in him. Our friend Dr. Hunt has written his biography so copiously, and so admirably, that I shall speak only of my impressions of him during my pupilage in his office.

He delighted in having students about him; while he gave no special time for examinations, yet he directed what books we should read, kept our studies constantly in view, and would often indulge in talks about them in the kindest and most entertaining manner. I have often recognized how much benefit it has been to me when he said, soon after I entered his office, "now, you must depend upon yourself; what you will be in the future depends greatly upon yourself." Youthful in age and appearance, I had perhaps thought too little about study, and the benefits which come from the discipline of continuous application. As I look over the fifty years of professional life I realize how much I have been obliged to think for myself, and how much I have been compelled to learn for myself.

The structure of Dr. Brigham's mind was such as to lead to investigation. Not skeptical, or perhaps doubting, yet he liked to investigate, and felt more assured after he had investigated. He had very little respect for mere authority; he had the boldness to think for himself, yet he was very, very far from being a crank. His habits of thought led him oftentimes in various directions, and sometimes in opposition to received opinions; but the independence which led him to conceive, led him also to execute. He early saw how much of injury came from early and crowded study in our common schools, and so there came a modest little volume upon the "Influence of Mental Application upon the Health," which struck a sympathetic cord in the public mind, passed through several editions, and was republished in England.

He had brought with him from France considerable knowledge of, and admiration for, Phrenology; and as this

science was making considerable stir in the town he entered upon it with zeal,—wrote about it, and gave lectures upon it. If he went into it with more enthusiasm than his judgment in later years approved, it only demonstrated the activity of the forces within him, and the zeal with which he prosecuted everything in which he was interested. His attention had long been directed to the diseases of the mind, and he became an earnest student of it. A volume which he wrote on "The Influence of Religion upon the Health," though timely, and containing many proper cautions, gave him neither honor nor profit. It was so opposed to the religious views of some of the Directors of the Retreat that it nearly prevented his election as Superintendent. Dr. Sumner, who was his very good friend always, labored hard to serve him, and declared that he would never undertake a like work again for any one.

He wrote a volume, afterwards, upon "The Brain and Nervous System," and was a contributor to medical journals, newspapers, and periodicals; his mind was ever busy. He was a great, and somewhat of a miscellaneous, reader; he was a student of the Bible, not, I think, for purposes of controversy, but from a desire to examine for himself, and to be convinced, if he was to be convinced at all, not by mere authority, but from what came from his own investigations. His morality was unquestioned; if he had any skeptical fancies they were fully dissipated some time before he died, when he became fully satisfied with religious truths. He is to be remembered especially for his efforts for the amelioration of the condition of the insane.

He was a capital organizer, a very good disciplinarian, fond of authority, and disposed to exercise it, when it was needed. He introduced order into the Retreat, and placed system where there was an absence of it; he had lofty and scholarly conceptions of his obligations and duties, and of the management of the insane. If some complained of his dictatorial manners they were satisfied that these came from

no selfish considerations. Generally he was pleasant in his intercourse with his friends or his patients; when he chose he could be very agreeable, with a pleasant smile, or cheerful word. In his examination of cases he was very careful, endeavoring to get at the very root of the disease, and at times was specially desirous to explain to the patient its location and character, for as he used to say, and as he flatteringly put it, "I wish to state it all to a man who can understand it."

He was tall and thin; had a fine head and pleasant but thin face; his hair was light and thin; his eyes bright and intelligent; he impressed one that he was an intellectual man. Usually he was well dressed and careful of his personal appearance; he had a habit of closely muffling his throat in winter, from a real or fancied irritation in it; some of us used to think it was a matter of affectation. He showed an interest in his students; as he was often called in consultation he frequently took one of us with him; many interesting and valuable cases did we see with him. He was fond of the "gentle craft," and so provided himself with hook and line on these occasions when called into the country; the bait and the pole were to be found where they were needed. Stopping at every favorable brook he indulged in a short recreation; his happiness was not spoiled if he was not successful. He used no tobacco, I think, unless it was an occasional pinch of snuff, but indulged occasionally in a glass of wine, showing that he possessed the virtue of temperance, if he did not that of abstinence. I bring him to mind now, sitting in his easy chair, tilted back upon its hind legs, with his feet resting upon another, often as high as his head. In a pleasant mood he conversed leisurely, smiling kindly, picking his nose frequently. His walk was slow, but his long legs stretched over a deal of ground; if he was in a hurry his legs seemed to move no faster, but they took longer strides.

When he took charge of the Asylum at Utica, it

afforded him a grand opportunity to show and develop his capacity for organization. The field was broader than he held here, and he was eminently successful in it.

EDWARD P. TERRY was a native of Hartford,—genial, fond of ease and company, of good natural abilities, specially interested in botany and the natural sciences, and fairly educated in his profession. I say fairly educated, because he had not that blessed talent of close application which makes one a master in his business. Indulgent parents and kind friends provided him with plenty of money in early life, which, with his easy good nature, led him to think less of the future than was well for his successful establishment in business. He was a good talker, a pleasant, genial companion.

Quite different from him, in every respect, was DAVID S. DODGE. He came here soon after the death of Dr. Cogswell, I think, from Fairfield county. Being of a very active habit, fond of business, and determined to get it, he soon established himself in practice, and probably saw more patients for some years than any one in town, though his receipts might not have been as great as those of Dr. Sumner. He was a thorough man of business, and showed it in every word and look. He was tall, well dressed, pleasant, and was sure to recognize every one he met. He was an especial favorite with the women, and had quite a reputation in treating their diseases, as well as those of their children. With the public he had the reputation of being a close, hard-working, thrifty man, anxious to get his dues, for they belonged to him. With the profession he was held in less esteem than some others, for the reason that he collected too frequently less than the established fee for his visits. When this fee was raised, in 1846, from seventy-five cents to one dollar, he voted against it. The new fee-table made quite a stir in town, of which you, gentlemen, have little conception; it was a loud topic of conversation, and of newspaper criticism. Dr. Sumner said of him that “it was

harder for Dodge than for others, for the jump from fifty cents to one dollar was greater." After a few years he removed to New York, and went into the business of manufacturing furnaces, and was not very successful, it was reported. He lived on the south side of Asylum street, a few rods west of Main street, but built the house on Pearl street, and lived in it for several years, which was occupied afterwards by Tertius Wadsworth, and now by Ripley Brothers.

GEORGE O. SUMNER was a single man, no relative of the other George, who did not, I think, much like his namesake. He had formerly practiced in Glastonbury, and while here had only a moderate amount of business. He was prudent, economical, and kept out of debt, all of which is to be placed to his credit. He subsequently moved to New Haven, where he died. For some years he was secretary of the State Society, and kept the records faithfully.

JOHN D. RUSS was a native of Hartford, a graduate of Washington (now Trinity) College, and for a while was in the wholesale dry goods business. I suppose that business had never been his strong point, and so after a while he entered the office of Dr. Brigham, as a student, and received his diploma from the University of Pennsylvania. He never was an extensive practitioner, and after a few years he died. If there was ever a whole-souled, genial, truthful, and generous man, that man was John D. Russ. All about the Little Bridge he was well known, and idolized, and he had troops of friends.

EDWARD BRACE remained in the city but a few years. He removed to West Hartford, enjoyed a moderate practice there, and died not very long since. I never knew much about him, though occasionally saw some of his patients. He was a very quiet, modest man, and did not associate much with his brethren. In his early professional life he had been for a time an assistant (or apothecary, as he was then called) at the Retreat for the Insane.

DR. JAMES BERESFORD came to this country from Berbice, British Guiana, in 1834. He was born in the island of Barbadoes, received his medical and surgical education in London, and in 1804, or soon after, entered the British army, passing through different grades of professional rank, until he was appointed as staff surgeon, in 1815. His whole term of service was one of active duty, and he was wounded at the last capture of Gaudaloupe. In 1817 he was put on the half-pay list and commenced private practice in Berbice, which his son was accustomed to say was very extensive. Resigning all connection with the British army, he came to Hartford in the brig *Alexander*, with all his family. It has been said that the immediate cause of his leaving Guiana was the poor health of his wife; and the reason of his settling here was the fact that his father-in-law, Dr. Bruce, was a long and respected inhabitant of Hartford. S. & W. Kellogg were accustomed to trade at Barbadoes and other West Indian islands, and also at some South American ports. One of their vessels being at Berbice afforded Dr. Beresford an opportunity for emigrating, which he improved. His son, Samuel B., whom many of us well knew, with his wife, came with him. Though the above four persons comprised all of the immediate family, yet there was a retinue of servants attending them, and monkeys, and parrots, so that it is no wonder that he was obliged to charter the brig for their accommodation. He resided for a short time with his father-in-law, Dr. Bruce; at No. — Trumbull street, and his negroes and monkeys and parrots made quite a stir in that part of the town. He soon built the house next west of Christ Church, where he lived until the time of his death, March, 1843; the immediate cause was stricture of the œsophagus, probably cancerous.

He was a large, fine-looking man, commanding in his appearance, rather reserved in his manner and speech, accustomed, evidently from his military training, to say no more than was necessary, and to speak to the point. I

never knew that his intercourse with patients was otherwise than pleasant; but it was the common impression that what he said must be obeyed. If at any time there was an appearance of authority, or of testiness, which would occasionally happen, it was readily pardoned in him in consideration of the life he had lived, and of his high professional attainments. He was specially distinguished as a surgeon. He pursued his studies under Astley Cooper, and other eminent men; had great experience in his long service in the busy times in which he was in the army, and had what served him excellently well, a level head, and good common sense, which, I think, specially characterized him. His face was full and florid, his body large, his height, perhaps, five feet nine or ten inches, and there was a slight limp in his walk, so that he usually carried a cane. In making his visits, or when walking in the street, he was usually accompanied by his son, and as both were large, broad-shouldered men, they readily drew attention. It made some of the younger men smile, and I believe the older ones also, when entering the sick room they both drew out their watches, and each seized an arm to feel the pulse of the patient. The common chaise was too light for them, so they rode in a very heavy four-wheeled carriage, of apparently English make. He was unquestionably skilled as a surgeon, but I think operated but little himself, trusting almost wholly to his son; those, however, who had seen him use the knife, admitted that he was prompt and dexterous as an operator.

He drank his wine like a gentleman, was a devout churchman, and said his prayers upon entering church in the English manner to which he was accustomed,—standing—with his head bowed, and his face in his hat. His attachment to old ways, as you may see, was strong; his peculiarities were well marked; his courtesy was proverbial. A very great respect was entertained for him, and, I think, some fear felt of him. He was an honest, straightforward, intelligent man, accustomed to no nonsense, and with no

nonsense about him. He was sixty years of age when he died, and lies buried in the old North Cemetery.

SAMUEL B. BERESFORD. The excellent biographical sketch of Dr. Beresford, by Dr. Jackson, published in the "Proceedings" of the Connecticut Medical Society for 1874, leaves but little to be added. He came here with his father in 1834, and was in general practice up to a few years before his death. I suppose that his business, or that of his father, was not very large until after the death of Dr. Sumner. There was no one in town who seemed to fall into his place so naturally, and after this he was very actively employed, both in the city and in the country, though I think he never cultivated, or specially liked, this part of his calling. He was looked up to as the chief surgeon in this part of the State, and performed many and difficult operations. The Hartford Hospital owes him a large debt of gratitude for his surgical assistance for quite a term of years. Though not advising operations always in extreme cases, yet if they were decided upon in consultation he did not hesitate, and by his skill, and assiduity in attention, endeavored to make them successful. In the early days of the hospital, when the utmost economy was necessary in its administration, and the system of assistance and nursing were much less perfect than at present, he made his daily rounds with as much punctuality and attention as if the patients were his own,—neglecting his private calls, as he has told me, for this public duty. And so interested was he, and felt the responsibility of his position so much, that not unfrequently visits were made twice or thrice daily.

The same conscientiousness led him to be very attentive to all his patients, and if, having finished his business for the day, and enjoying a quiet evening at home, or an hour or so in McNary's drug store in pleasant chat with acquaintances, a belated call aroused in him a modicum of impatience, why, after explaining that he could not attend to it, and would not go, and so sending the messenger off,

he went after him. As not unfrequently happens in such cases, the visit was not really necessary at that late hour, or the Doctor should have been called in the day time, and would have been if the friends could only have decided earlier. But this is one of the trials of the profession which you all probably meet with now, and your successors will also, until men learn to make up their minds quickly, and act promptly. I cannot refrain from adding to this, a little story of an affair which happened to myself. Late one night, being wearied and worried, and just about going to bed, the bell rang. I heard the story impatiently, and growled out to the boy, "why didn't your father send before?" and received as an answer a perfect poser, "cos' he wasn't sick."

Dr. Beresford had been very sorely troubled with neuralgia in the face for some years. At such times he was not communicative, as was very natural. With head bowed, a muffler around his throat, and hands behind his back, he was in no mood for superfluous talking. When, years afterwards, these attacks had disappeared, he was occasionally in a depressed state, and at such times, sitting upon the lounge at McNary's, hardly a word could be obtained from him. When, however, he was in good spirits (and this was generally the case) he was exuberantly so, and no one in the circle could be more buoyant, or brighter, or full of jovial sallies. His cane rattled upon the floor often and loudly. Life was then as bright for him as it was possible for any one. And this is to be said, that on these occasions, nor ever on any other, did he lose his dignity as a man or a physician, or relate a story, or apparently sympathize with any conversation which would have been improper in any company.

There was a simplicity about him at times which was wonderful, for he was occasionally as unsuspecting as a country boy. Many are the stories told about him when he was duped, and played upon by his friends, who delighted

in narrating or presenting to him something wonderful. I shall not repeat them; he was as guileless as a child, and suspected no evil; he regarded the apparently honest words and representations as being actually true.

In all his relations to his brethren he was honor itself. As a tribe I am afraid we are inclined to be suspicious of one another at times, when appearances may indicate a selfishness or violation of professional etiquette, but where no wrong is intended. But in all of our acquaintance, extending over many years, and a part of that time knowing him quite intimately, I never knew him to do an unprofessional act, or heard him justly charged with doing it. Nor would he ever bear patiently a solicitation to do a wrong thing. Probably all of us have been requested, at times, to produce an abortion, and while not consenting, may have given a *placcho*, and so got rid (quietly) of an anxious, but troublesome inquirer. I can imagine the flushed face, the indignant tones, and the imperative manner with which he turned an applicant out of his house who approached him on one occasion, which he related to me.

He was exceedingly willing to help his brethren in their difficult cases, and that, too, where no remuneration could be expected. Time and again this has happened to me, when in my earlier years it seemed as if I would have given everything to be relieved of my responsibility, or could share it with some one. This, doubtless, has happened to all; the readiness with which he did it was only equaled by the delicacy with which it was done. No one ever feared him, or suspected him of an effort to supplant us.

He was a sturdy English practitioner, educated in a school where it was thought proper to treat disease with sensible remedies, and in proper doses; and he never wavered from it, though he fell in gracefully with the less active treatment of later years. He was thoroughly posted in the views of leading British surgeons and physicians; and it was an actual pleasure, not to say amusing, to hear him

quote the opinions of Sir Astley Cooper, and others, repeating the "Sir Astley" a number of times, so that I am afraid some of us led him—very innocently, of course,—to repeat it oftener than he would otherwise have done.

His caution in prescribing was very great; generally he read the prescription over a number of times; and if any one was in consultation with him he handed it to him, and requested him to read it. If he was particular in his prescribing, he was excessively so in his directions to the family. In his latter days this was painfully minute and repeated over and over again, so that it became tedious, and was frequently so regarded. But it was from an honest desire that there should be no mistake, and may be pardoned when we hear directions given as loosely as they sometimes are; or are so mixed and jumbled together that the nurse can make nothing of them.

Among the remedies formerly much used was the *Pulvis Antimonialis*, valuable as a diaphoretic, an alterative, and in larger doses as an emetic. It was a milder preparation than the tartrate of antimony and potassa, and was specially used in the early stages of common colds, with or without calomel or opium, and also in active inflammatory diseases. In a great majority of cases I think it was far superior to aconite. The trouble with the antimonial powder was, that it was not uniform in its operations, and as there were several methods of its manufacture, and the original formula of Dr. James was never made public, why the special point insisted on by him was, that the original and true James powder should always be prescribed. And so, when called in consultation, and it was advised to use this powder, he would always insist that the true English James powder should be used.—"*Jacobi vere*," in a parenthesis, following *Pulvis Antimonialis*. After a while this passed away; but his method of suggestion was only equaled by the hundred and one druggists who now-a-days are insisting that we should always mention their own manufactures of Cod Liver Oil, or

extracts, or elixirs, to which, I trust, we pay no attention whatever, not the least.

Dr. Jackson has well said, that he took very little relaxation from his professional duties. He was decidedly a domestic man, absorbed in his daily routine. Aside from an occasional short visit to New York, devoted to business, or for gratifying his taste in art, he very rarely left the city. It was not the expected pecuniary compensation which detained him, but a devotion to business, which seemed very necessary that he should attend to. Time and again has he told me of a delayed journey from a promised attendance upon a delayed case, which kept him in an irritated state as long as the delay lasted. Having promised to be in attendance the promise was too solemn an one to be broken by anything within his control.

It was wonderful what reluctance he had in presenting his bills for services; it was, as he said, the most disagreeable part of all his business. His brethren thought this to be the most objectionable part of his professional life, and some thought they were injured by it. It was not because he underestimated the value of his services, or the services of any of his associates, for he believed they should be fully compensated. But it was repugnant to ask for what was due him; it should be paid without solicitation; and it seemed too much like a matter of trade. During the later years of his life this feeling increased upon him, and thousands of dollars were probably lost from this neglect. It was extremely difficult at this time to get a bill after repeated personal requests, so that at the time of his death there were large amounts due him, and had been due for many years, from patients able and willing to pay, who had long labored for an opportunity. This hesitation arose from no misconception of professional duty; but as he was used to say, "Russell, I can't bear to present a bill." Perhaps even then those moods of mental depression to which he was subject were developing into a more morbid state,

which, with added physical infirmities, clouded his latter days.

He lived in the house built by his father, in Church street, until 1860, when he removed to the spacious and elegant one which he purchased from Mr. Samuel Goodridge, just west of the railroad crossing, on Asylum street. Shortly before his death he removed farther west, on Farmington avenue, where he died.

He possessed a valuable medical library and an extensive collection of surgical instruments; was simple in his habits, both in eating and drinking; was fond of reading, both professional, and general to some extent, and was extremely fond of his collection of paintings. His taste was refined in every way, so that he had great sources of pleasure within himself. His imagination was so lively that he enjoyed in anticipation the great profits from the raising of pork in Indiana, or blooded stock in New Jersey. Remote from cities, he reveled in Arcadian pleasures.

"Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fœnore."

Born in a torrid climate it might be expected that he would bear poorly the extreme cold of our winters. But he never wore undergarments of flannel, and the year through wore nothing but low, though stout, shoes. It was told me by Dr. Knight of Lakeville, that having been called there to see a patient, he went the whole distance in an open sleigh, on one of the coldest winter days, with nothing but common shoes on his feet. A catarrhal trouble, however, made him careful of his throat, which he usually kept well covered during the winter.

I have dwelt thus much upon some of his personal characteristics because most of them were very striking, and we are thus enabled to form a proper conception of the man.

Of GEORGE B. HAWLEY I need add but little to his biography by Dr. Hastings, published in the Proceedings of the Connecticut Medical Society for 1883. In that sketch are embodied a few paragraphs which I wrote, and which, I think, contain a just estimate of his character. Of great robustness of body, and intense resolution,—with supreme confidence in himself,—he was able to carry on an extensive practice, and to engage in other and outside operations, which would have broken down most men much earlier than they broke down him. I do not suppose he possessed those fine sensibilities, and high regard for professional proprieties, which belong to some; and it was not unusual that he was charged with paying less attention to the requirements of the fee-table than a strict regard to it required. But this should be said to his credit, that he challenged the strictest examination of his conduct, which no one of the private grumblers ever thought best to make. His activity and persevering energy were his prominent traits, and their excessive exercise doubtless shortened his days.

His first residence in this city was with his father-in-law, Dr. Fuller, on the north side of State street, just east of the Farmers & Mechanics Bank. After a few years he purchased one-half of the house on Pratt street, erected by Dr. Milo North, just west of the Talcott building. Afterwards he removed to the house which he purchased of Joseph Church, on Trumbull street, which stood on the ground of the present County Building.

Our city is much indebted to Dr. Hawley for the interest which he took in the Hartford Hospital. In the establishment of this institution, and watchful care of it all the days of his life, his wonderful energy found a proper outlet. Few men could have borne the physical labor which he gave to this enterprise, and the successful prosecution of an extensive private practice. If he was not a hard student or extensive reader, he yet thought out his cases, and was always ready to prescribe. Probably no one could visit an

equal number in as short a time; the light ones needed but little investigation; habit gave him the skill to provide for the severe ones promptly.

Like some other business men he gave himself very little mere recreation. He was earnest and interested in his business, and that both pleased and satisfied him. He was exceedingly happy in his home,—was very hospitable, and enjoyed assisting his different relatives. For so rugged a man, his kindness of heart was wonderful.

EDWARD ROWLAND, the last on the list, was a son of Rev. Henry A. Rowland, of Windsor. He had recently graduated in medicine, and resided, I think, in the white wooden house a short distance south of St. John's Church. He remained here but a short time.

LEONARD BACON was still one of the physicians of the town, but he was nearly out of practice, and his name was not on the list of county members, as he had some time previously requested a dismissal. He was a man of very decided character, and Dr. Sumner has perhaps said enough about him. He knew him very well, and I only knew him in a general way, as a thorough physician, who believed in vigorous measures in treatment of disease, indulged moderately in tobacco, and used in his walks a gold-headed cane.

I should do injustice to the memory of a most excellent man if I did not mention Dr. NATHANIEL HOOKER, who for many years practiced medicine in Hartford, and practiced it as legitimately as any of us; for though he did not belong to any of our societies, yet I think he was a member in former years, and I feel sure that I have somewhere seen his name in our records as living in West Hartford. He was born in West Hartford, and was in practice there until his removal to this city. He lived (all the time that I knew of him) in the brick house next north of Dr. Wainwright, on Main street. He was the mildest, most moderate, and even-tempered man that I ever knew. His head indi-

cated the greatest benevolence, and his countenance was perfectly saintly. His attainments, like his ambitions, were moderate. I suppose he had read "Thomas's Practice" in his early years, and still remembered something of it. Misfortunes and age had come upon him, and he seemed to be perfectly content to live the very modest and retiring life which he did, gaining a bare subsistence from the large amount of labor which he was perfectly content to perform. He was always on foot, trudging all over the city, and into the country also, unless he could get some one to carry him. His fees were exceedingly small,—twelve-and-a-half cents for a visit, it is said, or even less. It is reported that when he was carried into the country (West Hartford or Bloomfield) he would not unfrequently remain over night, and be perfectly satisfied if he was paid with a pound or two of pork. He was much esteemed by the poor, and was a most faithful attendant, day and night, acting as nurse through many hours, relieving the friends of much of their labor, as well as anxiety. It used to be said that many who employed him did so because his fees were small; and probably, to some extent, this was true; yet, as far as I knew, all were as well satisfied with his services as if they had those of the best physicians in the city. While sometimes counsel was asked in his cases, it seemed of no matter to him who was called, and he met them with perfect freedom of behavior, and confidence, apparently, whether they were old or young. It was a rare sight to see mere striplings in the art called to advise with so old and venerable a man. But he never took offense, nor do I know that he was ever irritated or complaining. Dr. Sumner used to say that we violated no professional proprieties in meeting him, for he was to be regarded as a nurse only,—which was one of Dr. Sumner's easy ways of getting around a possible difficulty. But he was a physician, once counted as a member of our society, dealing out drugs with no sparing hand, and practicing, in the main, in the same line as the rest of us. I do

not care to repeat the stories which were told of his simplicity, and innocent little ways, and non-appreciation of himself, which were current enough. But I do wish to bear witness to his uprightness, his simple, honest dealings with his fellow men, and his willing endeavor to do what good lay in his power.

ABOUT IRREGULAR PRACTITIONERS.

The most numerous of the class called irregular practitioners were those termed Botanics or Thompsonians, from their founder, Samuel Thompson. He seems to have been an uneducated man, but being very zealous in proclaiming his views, and attacking the regular faculty with extreme bitterness, he created quite a sentiment in his favor in New England, and afterwards in other States. He had many followers here in Hartford, and if any of you suppose that the Paradise of Quacks was reserved to the present time, you will be much mistaken. The number and variety were not as great then, for the population was less, and development had not reached its present extent; but the temper and outcry were the same.

I recollect now but two who were practicing under this system,—Dr. Isaac J. Sperry, who lived in the south part of the city; and Dr. Platt, who lived in the north part. I have the impression that the latter soon died or removed from town; but the former remained here for many years, and was doubtless known to many of the members of our Society.

There was another person who had quite a reputation in this neighborhood,—Rev. Charles Remington. He had been a preacher of the sect called Christians, I am told by Dr. Crary, in the lower part of East Hartford and Glastonbury, and practiced thereabouts to some extent before coming to Hartford. His specialty lay in the treatment of cancers, for which he obtained quite a reputation. This he did by the application of a powder or plaster, which he said

he obtained from Albany at a great price. The application was quite painful, and the active ingredient was supposed to be arsenic. He also undertook the treatment of chronic cases, and perhaps some acute ones, and he administered medicines with a liberal hand. The confidence reposed in him could not be excelled by that given to any of the Spiritual or Mind Cure doctors of our day. He lived in Chapel street, and when sick was attended by Dr. Fuller, Dr. Brigham, and others of our profession. He died in 1838.

But the list is not yet completed. The natural bone-setter was then about, as he had been for hundreds of years, and as he probably will be for hundreds of years to come. Though none of the Sweet family then resided in the city, yet patients with fractures and dislocations not unfrequently sent to one of them in Lebanon, so that in this city and neighborhood many cases fell into their hands. I think we did not object to their employment if any one was desirous of their services, but we did decidedly object when, having put up a fracture or reduced a dislocation, it was pronounced wholly wrong and the patient taken from our hands.

But he who supposes that he can by study and experience acquire such an amount of skill as comes to a man naturally, or is born with him, will be surprised to find that the latter has more friends than he conjectured. The seventh son of a seventh son—who can stand before him!

These sketches of physicians are, as you see, written with considerable freedom. It is very easy to be mistaken; but in conveying my impressions, I have endeavored to speak the truth only, and with a charity which should be tender, as all of them are gone.

HARTFORD, March 5, 1888.

[Although this Fee-table is said to have been established in 1831, yet it was probably in use before this period; though it may have been revised in 1831. Dr. Sumner once told me that the obstetrical fee was placed at six dollars, in deference to Dr. Bacon, who was opposed to its increase. In the Fee-table for 1846, it is stated, upon the authority of Dr. Sumner, that the previous one was established in 1813.]

FEES FOR SERVICES ESTABLISHED BY THE PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF
THE CITY OF HARTFORD, JULY 29, 1831.

	\$ cts.	\$ cts.
Visiting Fee,	75	
Consultation Fee,	1 00	
Traveling Fee, per mile,—charging for all distances over a mile,	50	
In ordinary attendance, for medicine, or venesection,	25	
Advice, VS. or ext. dentes, at office,	50	
Advice to strangers,	1 00	
Visits from 11 P.M. to sunrise,	1 50	
Traveling Fee per mile do.,	1 00	
Obstetrical Fee,	6 00	
(May charge according to detention in cases of extraor- dinary detention.)		
Dressing wound,	50	1 00
Dressing ulcer,	50	1 00
Scarifying eye,	50	1 00
Cutting gums,	50	1 00
Cutting frenum linguæ,	50	1 00
Application of leeches, in addition to cost of same,	1 00	
Cupping,	1 00	2 00
Inserting Seton,	1 00	2 00
Making Issue,	1 00	
Opening Abscess,	50	2 00
Vaccination,	1 00	
Tying artery, in addition to visit and dressing,	1 00	
Letter of advice,	2 00	5 00
Introducing Catheter, first time,	3 00	
Introducing Catheter, afterwards,	1 00	
Reducing simple fracture,	3 00	10 00
Reducing compound fracture,	5 00	20 00
Reducing dislocations,	3 00	10 00
Removing small tumors,	2 00	5 00
Removing large tumors,	10 00	30 00
Gonorrhea, in advance,	5 00	

	\$ cts.	\$ cts.
Syphilis, \$5, in advance,	5 00	15 00
Paracentesis of abdomen,	5 00	10 00
Reducing Hernia,	3 00	10 00
Tapping for Hydrocele,	3 00	5 00
Operating for radical cure of Hydrocele,	15 00	
Opinion on question of Medical Jurisprudence,	2 00	
Amputating finger or toe,	5 00	10 00
Amputating limb,	20 00	40 00
Amputating testis,	20 00	
Amputating tonsil,	20 00	
Operating for hare lip,	10 00	
Operating for hernia,	25 00	40 00
Operating for fistula in ano,	10 00	20 00
Operating for fistula lachrymalis,	10 00	
Tracheotomy,	20 00	
Trepanning,	25 00	
Depressing cataract,	10 00	40 00
Operation for aneurism,	20 00	50 00
Lithotomy, female,	15 00	30 00
Lithotomy, male,	50 00	75 00
Phymosis and Paraphymosis,	5 00	
Using probang,	1 00	

COPIES OF BILLS RENDERED BY OLD PHYSICIANS.

1750		Capt. SAML. WADSWORTH to RICH ^d CARTER <i>Dr</i>	£.	s.	d.
Feb'y	4 th	To 3 papers of powders for y ^r man (John Lawrence)		4.	6
		To a Cord. Julep $\frac{3}{6}$ for do.		7.	6
		To a Sudorif. draught		2.	6
	5 th	To a Purging Infusion		3.	9
		To an Antiemetic draught		2.	6
	6 th	To a purg. Infusion repeated		3.	9
		To a Ptysan lb ij		5.	00
		To a Narcot. draught		2.	6
	7 th	To a purg. Infusion		3.	9
		To a Ptysan lb ij		5.	00
			<hr/>		
			£2, 00. 9		

Rec'd Feb. 22^d from Capt Saml. Wadsworth the full contents of the above Acc^t.

R. CARTER.

1766		Capt. SAM ^l WADSWORTH Hartford to Doct. ALEX ^r WOLCOTT* <i>Dr</i>			
May	31	To calling sundry times advice for his Son,	£0.	6:	0
June	10	To do.		10:	0
	11	To visit pr. your Order		4:	0
		To Oynt $\frac{3}{4}$ 1/6 to do. Liniment, $\frac{3}{4}$ iss Box 1/3		2:	9
1769					
June	28	To Visit Consultation		6:	0
July	2	To Visit 6/ to do. 6/ July 1 to d ^o 6/		18:	0
July	4	To Visit		6:	0
			<hr/>		
			£2, 12: 9		

Hartford Dec^r 12th 1781 Recieved in behalf of my Father Alex^{re} Wolcott the Contents of the within Acc^t which is in full of all Demands.

CHRIST^r WOLCOTT.

*Resided in Windsor.

1780 Cap^t SAMUEL WADSWORTH *Dr*

To Jⁿ A GRAHAM

June 10 th	To 4 Visits @ 2/	o: 8: 0
	4 dos. pil. apptes	o: 6: 0
	Mixt Febrifuge 3viiij	o: 8: 0
	Rec ^d the Contents in full	£1: 2: 0
	of the within account	J ⁿ A. GRAHAM.
	Hartford 8 th April 1782.	

Cap^t SAMUEL WADSWORTH Hartford Jan. 7. 1st. 1792

To MASON F. COGSWELL *Dr*

To Visits, advice & attendance in the Cholic	
in June	„ 12— 0
To Visits, Emetic & advice in July	„ 6— 6
To Visits, & advice in August for purging	
swelled face &c	„ 13— 6
	1— 12— 6

Rec^d payment in full

MASON F. COGSWELL

March 9th 1783 Cap^t SAMUEL WADSWORTH to JOSHUA HEMPSTED *Dr*

to Reducing Fractured Leg for Neagro child	
Dressing & plasters	£0: 2: 6
to three Dressings & plasters	o: 3: 0
to Reducing Fractured Ribs for Neagro man	
Dressing & plasters	o: 2: 6
to three Dressings & plasters	o: 3: 0

as this Small acc^t is of Sum years Stand-
ing the Ballance will be acceptable to y^r

Humble Servant

JOSHUA HEMPSTED

Hartford august 2nd 1790

Hartford aug^t, 26th 1790 Rec^d the within Sum of Eleven
Shillings which in full of all accounts to this Day.

pr. me

JOSHUA HEMPSTED

The Estate of Cap^t SAML. WADSWORTH late of Hartford Decs^d,

1798

To DWELL MORGAN *Dr*

To 3 dressings & Medicines for black Wo-	
mans Ankle	\$.83

HARTFORD May 18th, 1766

Capt. SAMUEL WADSWORTH Dr to NIEL McLEAN.

To Sundrie visits	1: 6: 0
To Sundrie medicines	2: 1: 6
	<hr/>
Ditto Credit	3: 7: 6
9 Gallons of Rume	1: 16: 0
To your Slave to Farmington	0: 4: 6
To 31 waight muten	0: 6: 6
To 60 w ^t Beef	12: 6
To 1 Bushel inden Corn	2: 6
To 17½ w ^{ts} vell	3: 7
	<hr/>
	3: 5: 7
Aug. 11, 1768. To 20½ wait vell	4: 3, ½
	<hr/>
	3: 9: 10 ½
Jan. 18 th 1770 To 71 wait Beff	17: 6
	<hr/>
	4: 7: 4, ½

Mr. GURDON WADSWORTH to TH^o HARTSHORN Dr

To Attendance from 27 May to 18 June 1770

In the Interim were administered

a vomit

4 Large Blisters for Leggs & Arms

8 Nervous Bolus

4 doses febrifuge Powders

9 doses febrifuge Bolus

Decoction of the Cortex

Elix Velnoli

Ingredients for a Quart for Stomachic Bitters

2 Purges

£3, 15. 0

Rec^d the Contents in fullTH^o HARTSHORNCap^{tn} JONATHAN WADSWORTH Dr1772
Nov^r 6thTo RICH^d TIDMARSH

To 4 Balsam Restrict ^t Bolusses	£0: 8:
To a Restricting Mixture lbss	6:
To 4 Bolusses repeated	8:
To the Tincture rep ^d	6:
	<hr/>
	£1: 8. 0.

The above were for Mrs. Wadsworth

Received the Contents in full

RICH^d TIDMARSHMarch 8th 1773

